Near Death Experience

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Near Death Experience

by Hisvoicebrokemyheart

Summary

Will was happy to settle in to domestic life with Hannibal. Their relationship had taken a new turn — a better one. When he was with Molly their schedules ran in tandem, coming and going together. He never realized how terrifying coming home to someone could be.

Notes

Whumptober Day 7: Alt #11 Near Death Experience

After a few days off I'm back with one that I missed. I picked an alt for day 7 which led me back to Hannigram.

See y'all on the next one!

See the end of the work for more notes

Will never expected them to survive. Between the wounds inflicted by Dolarhyde and the impact of the water below, they were nearly torn apart. It was Hannibal who saved them from their ultimate demise. By sheer willpower, he remained conscious and held a tight grip on Will as they floated along the shoreline below the cliff.

Hannibal let the tide take them. When they reached solid ground they were in a significant stretch of undeveloped land. It would only be a matter of time before the area was crawling with law enforcement.

With help from Chiyoh, the two men retreated to an isolated cabin in the mountains of North Carolina. It was one of the first properties Hannibal had access to in the United States. The deed never transferred into his hands, but it was a gift from Mirasaki under a false name of her own. It was the safest place he could think of for Will to recover.

Will showed no sign of such recovery for two days following their arrival. Hannibal stitched his wounds, especially careful when it came to his face. He wiped the sweat from Will's brow, feverish from fighting infection, and took his vitals multiple times a day on a regular schedule.

When Will finally regained consciousness, Hannibal took his first deep breath in days. It was the first step to the development of a new life — Will's health.

In the months that followed the pair migrated to Europe. Will was happy to share crossing the Atlantic with Hannibal. The first time around he was broken, wanting. He held a hollow ache inside of him in his solitude, but with Hannibal it was all brand new.

He allowed himself to truly consider the fall as a rebirth. Every new moment with Hannibal nurtured a bond between them that had gone neglected for so long. Will often thought of the look on Hannibal's face as the ocean air caressed his skin. He saw true freedom there, something Hannibal had been stripped of for some time now.

Hannibal flourished in France and when he swept Will away to Spain, Will watched the sun pull out blond highlights in his hair and couldn't help it when he found himself doing everything he could to run his hands through it.

He was surprised to see the beach do Hannibal well, and relished in the sight of his body cutting through the water on calm days.

They'd become very tactile in their time together. Will reached for Hannibal at any and every moment — for an arm to hold in a crowded market in Istanbul, a shoulder to fall asleep on at a benefit in London that was just too long, a hand to tangle with his own when he couldn't keep the monsters in his head at bay.

For Hannibal it was different. He preened under Will's attention and was sure to return it tenfold. When Will did the dishes, Hannibal would make sure their fingers brushed when Will passed them to him to dry. He would always tie Will's ties for him. Once finished, he'd cup his hands around Will's throat and stroke his thumbs against the underside of his chin.

When Will needed a shave it was Hannibal who wielded the straight razor and caressed the newly smoothed skin.

Even with Molly, Will never really had someone to come home to. Their schedules ran in tandem, home together and away together. Hannibal was always home in the afternoons when Will returned from the part time job he picked up at the port. Domestic life was never really quite Hannibal's style, but to open the door to him with his legs kicked up, seated in a chair next to an open window — Will wished to remember those moments forever.

He never realized how terrifying coming home to someone could be. Everything had been so easy. Will should have known better than to think life would be easy for them.

Hannibal was tied to a chair in the middle of the room — the window seat — and their couch and coffee table had been pushed aside. He had a split lip, his hair in disarray.

His hands gripped at the scrolled arms of the chair, bound against them at the wrist. He was facing the door, facing Will, and for that the former agent was grateful. There was a lot that Hannibal could communicate to Will as the man who infiltrated their home paced at the end of the room.

Will thought this would give him the upper hand until the man walked up behind Hannibal and held a wicked blade to his throat. Any fleeting sense of calm left Will at the sight. He was intimately familiar with the vulnerability there.

With little effort, he could attribute many of his most vivid memories in recent history to a neck wound. Abigail's mother bleeding out on her porch set him into action. Abigail clutching to life on her own kitchen floor and Will holding her together awakened deep paternal urges. When Hannibal gutted Will and left Abigail to die on the ground once more, Will watched as his betrayal brought only heartbreak.

Reunited in Mason's captivity, Will had sunk his teeth into Carlo's cheek. He wondered then what it would be like to rip into a person's throat. Those questions were answered when he watched Hannibal do the very same to Dolarhyde, a killing blow — which all seemed to lead to this.

He didn't recognize the man, overall too generic to stand out in a crowd. When he revealed that he was Carlo's brother, Will spared a heated glare at Hannibal for convincing him to come back to Italy.

The man launched into a long winded tale of his and Carlo's life as boys. His knife pressed tighter against the fragile skin beneath it. Hannibal never once tensed under the pressure, as if he wanted to put his trust in Will on full display.

It was clear that he saw no threat in Will, that Hannibal was truly the only one worth trying down. He made no move toward Will, descending further into his own musings. He ignored Carlo's work for Mason and lamented the death of his brother as if he could paint the man as some sort of martyr.

And while Will would happily listen to Hannibal wax poetic about any subject under the sun, he continued to have limited social stamina.

Hannibal watched as Will's eyes grew cold watching his captor. Risks were calculated behind those eyes.

Will shook his hands, hanging freely at his sides in a show of anxious energy. He could feel when the scalpel in his sleeve slid free into his palm. When Hannibal revealed that he kept himself armed at all times, Will knew it was a suggestion for him to do the same — he never expected to need it so desperately.

Carlo's brother directed a question at Will, turning his head to focus his full attention on him. Will could feel his eyes on him as he raised an arm to feign scratching at the back of his head.

Will took a deep breath, and when Hannibal smiled he knew he had all the permission he would ever need.

He brought his arm down and the scalpel flew from his hand. When it sank into the flesh of the man's right eye, Will spared a brief thought to what his old cop buddies in New Orleans would think. He hadn't played darts in years.

The shock and pain accompanied by the blow had the man dropping the knife, hands scrambling to pull the scalpel free. The knife slid down Hannibal's chest and clattered to the floor before him, an offering to Will.

Threatening Hannibal was a fool's errand. Will made sure the man knew it as such as he jumped forward to take the knife up in his own hand. His heartbeat pounded in his ears.

Ignoring Hannibal's praises — *magnificent boy* — Will went after the man as he attempted to scramble away, still clutching at his face.

Will knocked him off his hands and knees, manhandling him onto his back as Will straddled him. For the first time in many months he saw Garret Jacob Hobbs flash in front of his eyes, though now Will was certain he wasn't real. He was no longer saddled with the chore of carrying a hemorrhaging behavioral science unit. He'd never been further from Minnesota and the ghost of his almost daughter.

In a rough tear, he dragged the knife over the man's throat and leaned into the arterial spray that came from it. He sank the knife into his chest and left him on the floor to bleed out.

There was a time when Will would have wanted that to be Hannibal, torn up on the ground and helpless — but as he approached him now he could see how they were bound in an infinite union.

The last time in Italy birthed a question of whether or not they could survive separation. He knelt before Hannibal and freed his wrists from their binds. He held Hannibal's hands in his own and dropped his head down to rest upon his knee.

Will couldn’t help but laugh. There never would be a true escape from who Hannibal had been. Even when they played at normalcy, the old life sought them out.

“It appears as if it is time for us to move on,” Will squeezed Hannibal’s hands. “And now, I’m choosing where we’re meant to go.”

End Notes

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